

Poetry Series

Amouta Stardancer
- poems -

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Amouta Stardancer(september 20,1991)

I've been writing since the sixth grade, and I always have a poem in the works, either a topic, or a scratch poem in the editory process. I've been published here and there, mostly by those scam sites, that SAY they've published me... though I'm too cheap to buy their anthologies so who knows. Writing just comes naturally to me, I hope you like my work but even if you hate it I'll keep on doing it anyway, I've found the best poems are those that are just for myself. I'm greatful for any feedback and take all comments into account.

On a personal note, I'm obsessed with werewolves, on my way to college next year (scared stiff, but excited) , hoping to land a career working with animals (preferable wild ones) ... and that's pretty much me.

All I Want

Somebody find me,
I want to be looked for,
somebody look for me,
I want to be found.
I'm lost,
and I'm lonely,
and I don't know who I am any more.
I want to be free,
I want to be happy,
in the shining sun,
in the moonlit night,
I want to dance,
and know I'm beautiful to someone.
I want to see the world,
I want the world to see me,
but I want to be found first,
I want an anchor,
in the stormy seas of my mind,
and a string to keep,
the kite that I am,
tied to the earth.
I want to fly,
I want to run,
I want to dance,
outside,
in the beautiful air,
and feel the wind,
rush over me.
I want to be in the ocean,
and under the stars,
and on the mountains,
and in the arms of someone I love,
all the while.
In the arms of someone,
who knows me,
who knows who I am,
who'll hold my kite string,
and let me fly,
someone who,

is surely good at finding things,
when they're lost,
and want to be found,
someone,
who thinks I'm beautiful,
like the rain and the sea,
and the moon and the stars,
and makes me feel that way,
that's all I want,
I am here,
my wonderful knight,
my lover,
my man,
and I'm waiting,
and I'm breaking,
and I need you,
to see me to find me,
to love me,
and finally to set me free.

Amouta Stardancer

An Island

(An Explanation)

The island,
isolated,
I am,
defined and whole,
but for loneliness.

(A Query)

Have I been here all my life?
Or has my need for something grown,
to show this horrid gap in provision,
the companionlessness of my soul?

(A Simile)

Loneliness,
like gnats,
mosquitoes,
it never goes away,
sometimes better,
most often worse,
sucking my life away.

(A Nightmare)

Rotting on an island,
no one can even watch the decay,
as I lay,
lost to hope and faith,
dead,
pain crimson in the sand,
finally out of me,
the only noteworthy thing,
in this tropic wasteland.

(A Conclusion)

Even dead I'll stay there,
my hell for all of time,
mama told me,
suicide was a crime,
and God's punished the plagued,

so well.

(A Reality)

Send a search party,
tell them to look for blood,
cause all they've ever been looking for,
is the corpse lying dead inside of me,
and there never was an island,
and I'm not really bleeding yet,
maybe I'll grow out of it,
but it's not something I'd ever forget.

(A Story)

A haunted island,
where someone died alone they think,
what a shame,
it's just like me,
how saddening,
to think that would become of me,
they all said I was so promising,
in youth.
Youth! When I was still only dieing.
To death!
To end unhappy things!

(A Toast)

Amouta Stardancer

Bandaid

I'm not a bandaid,
a phone call,
won't fix anything.
Sweetie, I can't be superman,
no matter how much,
you're hurting,
in fact that's the time,
I'm stuck,
watching you burning.
Oh God, don't tell me,
he said that?
He's an ass,
oh no, but an ass,
that you love.
How is it so easy,
to follow you're heart,
smack into a wall?
Where's the self-preservation?
Where's that voice,
the one that should be screaming,
inside your brain?
Bandaid?
You need stitches sweetie,
come on, sit down,
dropp the blade,
that you're gripping,
so tight that you're bleeding.
If he's that way,
he's not worth it,
but of course he is, to you.
Can't cut the ties,
can't let him go,
cause he's got you,
by the heart,
and you never learned,
how to ask for it back.
So what do you do?
Anything he says,
that will bring him back to you.

And you want me,
to play bandaid,
and just make,
everything okay,
but I can't,
when he's hurting you.
I attack him,
you're the first in his defence,
because he's got,
your heart in front of him,
like a bullet-proof vest.
Come on sweetie, wake up,
can't you feel that you're bleeding?
You want your bandaid,
to stick him to you,
do you want me,
to stab the blade in your back too?

Amouta Stardancer

Black And White Memories

Black and white memories
that aren't even mine
but I feel like they are
because I've known you forever.

Water sprays to the side
there's a tow rope in you're hands
how come you never taught me
to do that?

Where are you?
I don't really know.
But it must be beautiful
with warm water and sun.

You look like a model
in some sports magazine
I can't help but laugh
the thought's just too silly.

And yet here you are
in my arms
I could never deserve you
dad you're too wonderful.

You gave up warm waters
sun, babes, and skis,
gave up what seems like the world
for me.

Settled in a town
you grew up in
small and safe
and here we are.

There's nothing to say
because thanks are too small
they seem almost ungrateful
and love is so big

words will never quite catch it.

Amouta Stardancer

Blue Eyes

Blue eyes,
azure like the sky.
Wait I forgot,
who am I?
Oh my God those eyes...
staring?
At mine?
Theres something I should say,
oh shit my name,
uhhhhhh,
Jane.
What a smile!
Pearly white,
straight and bright,
he laughed to!
How beautiful a sound,
damn,
what now?
I say something,
okay,
what's his name?
Bradley,
smooth right off the tongue,
is it too early,
to profess my love?
He's holding out a hand!
For me? !
To touch! ?
Really! ?
Nice to meet you,
Bradley, really.
I only got his name,
but God, thank you,
that made my day.

Amouta Stardancer

Brothers

A monument to MARTYRS,
working for peace,
and for justice.

The voice of their people,
of THE people,
oppressed and abused,
tired of WAR marching.

Behind Ghandi,
they stood,
beaten and bloodied,
by EACH OTHER'S blows.

FORWARD to peace,
to LOVE,
to UNTIY.

Behind Martin Luther King Jr.,
they marched,
toward rivers,
of their own blood,
into the blows of their own brother,
their cry,
PEACE! ! !
LOVE! ! !
UNITY! ! !

Before their PRISONS,
they stood,
throwing down their SHACKLES,
BECKONING their BROTHERS,
away from
WALLS,
of PREJUDICE,
STONES,
of HATE,
BULLETS,
of WAR,
and BARS of COLOR,
DIVIDING a world of BROTHERS.

Amouta Stardancer

Cages

Oh how the caged,
bird sings,
of unfulfilled dreams,
and memories long gone.
Another life,
where she was free,
to soar between,
the earth and heaven,
what sweet ballads,
do her mind compose,
from dreams of what,
once was.

The caged lion,
roars at emptiness,
and with haunted eyes,
he chases mice,
just beyond his reach.
When once his pride,
could run and feast,
on open plain,
rule man and beast,
he now contents,
with sad laments,
to gripe away his time.

A caged wolf paces,
drawing breath,
refusing food,
and begging death.
Oh what a thing,
to hold in freedom,
a plague upon the free,
and what a being,
to so assemble steel,
that it may hold,
the wilds in,
and limit even,
the roaming wind,

from being what it is.

Amouta Stardancer

Catholic School

Why do we look down to pray?
"Please stand for our morning petitions."
The intercom crackles over the school.
All rise to stare at their feet,
mundanely answer with the response,
"Blessed Father..."
as if God inhabited their shoes.
Should I look up?
My eyes dart around,
bowed head, to bowed head.
Two girls mouth words to each other,
smiling at their inside joke.
I wonder if God finds it funny.
My face turns to the ceiling,
and a feeling of heaviness impresses me.
God is there,
in morning prayer,
smiling in my searching eyes.

Amouta Stardancer

Churches And God

We burnt our sins,
in the church parking lot,
and left the ashes with our faith.
Because at some point,
we realized,
we were talking to a statue,
and needed,
to find some answers on our own.
And they said we shouldn't go.
Mom cried,
when we walked away from Jesus,
and handed in our crucifixes.
And I apologized,
to this day I don't really know why.
Red choir robes,
were never for me,
and pews and steeples,
just couldn't fulfill me.
So I said sorry,
but there was nothing to say it for,
still their disappointment,
held my eyes to the floor,
as I walked out on a sermon,
straight out the door,
and I cried,
cause I was free,
and I cried,
cause no one wanted me,
and I found God again,
so easily,
but this time God was a She,
and they called it all blasphemy,
but I was finally,
where I'd always needed to be

Amouta Stardancer

Crying In Homeroom

She'll be crying in homeroom,
over what he did wrong,
her friends all around her,
sing the same old song.
Why do broken hearts happen,
how does love foul up,
where do you go when you've,
been betrayed by someone you so trust.
Every teenage girl,
has heard of a broken heart,
of crying on the floor,
tearing pictures apart,
just trying to take away the pain,
just trying to make it rain,
so this loneliness would stop,
and the heartbreak wash away.
But tomorrow in home room,
she'll break down and cry,
and they'll curse him, and curse him,
with tears in her eyes,
her friends breaking out,
those old worn out lines,
that can't ever take away,
the pain and the lies,
and some will understand,
and some won't relate,
but whatever they've been through,
they've got nothing to say.
Time can only heal this,
the friends can only be there,
and watch her suffer,
ever aware,
of the fact that she's dieing,
inside of herself,
and they can only be there,
as she takes a stroll through hell,
all because he broke her heart,
that precious little thing,
slashed into her soul,

and left her love bleeding,
and so she'll be crying in homeroom,
over all that he did wrong,
her friends all around her,
singing their useless songs.

Amouta Stardancer

Dollface

Eyes frozen,
starring into space,
just starring,
deep into some place.
Peering through you,
through walls, even time,
those eyes, oh those eyes,
the color of lime.
Her soft blushing face,
so white and so red,
in her neat floral pajamas,
on her soft miniature bed.
Her hair newly brushed,
down in kind bouncing curls,
and on her dresser a string,
of small false necklace pearls.
She has porcelain skin,
and hollow for bones,
resting her china,
in her cozy doll home.
But her eyes,
oh her eyes,
what things they have seen,
what sweet spoken lies,
have reflected in their gleam,
but everything dies,
and the doll sees, unseen.

Amouta Stardancer

Fiftennitude

I feel it coming for me,
fate, it's running,
raging, rampaging,
all I can do is sit,
as I feel it's footsteps,
walk the miles before it,
count the minutes as they fall,
so ready for something different,
so afraid of change.
I don't know what is coming,
over the earth,
on the wind,
I can sense it, I can smell it,
but all it gives me,
is nervous apprehension.
Going about my standard life,
under the chains,
binding family,
to school, to work, to home,
to the rehearsed,
recounted, relived routine.
Day to day,
more tired than the last,
moving toward a weekend,
that no longer replenishes me,
no meaning exists,
I'm done with this place,
with what it can teach me,
only empty books,
comprise my education.
I need to act,
on my morals, my principles,
pave my life.
And yet I am a child,
wrapped in a security blanket,
that's slowly, and deliberately,
crushing, squeezing, sucking,
the air from my lungs,
restraining, restricting,

my movements,
I am begging for fate,
to free me,
and I am dreading,
the day I am tossed,
into this perilous world,
headlong, a questionable parachute,
will it open, will it save me,
or will I fall short?
Still it draws ever near,
threatening, promising,
a driver's license, and a part-time job,
freedom,
from all I ever knew,
and hated, and loved,
opening the door,
through which my greatest,
most wondrous dreams may come,
or worst, most dreadful,
nightmares may exist,
when before I was potential,
I will be.
This is all I ever wanted,
and the thing I most fear.
So I am sitting,
aching, dreading, begging,
in agony waiting,
for my ticket,
my license, my job,
my college acceptance letter,
my career,
my life to begin.

Amouta Stardancer

Ghost Lorelei

Oh Lorelei, the lady in white,
oh Lorelei, causing such fright,
and as I walk the halls tonight,
I sense about me your worldly sprite.

Oh ghostly maiden who walks the halls,
walking always to where she falls,
moaning sadly her lonely calls,
oh the maiden who haunts these walls.

And all the pillows, collect her tears,
staining their surface with wet, dark smears.
Her wailings continue year and more years,
no rest to her soul, no rest to my fears.

In the mirrors I see her face,
in ghostly colors of whites and grays,
all dressed up in satin and lace,
her head bowed love in sad disgrace.

And oh her tantrums are quite the thunder,
causing commotion for every blunder,
I look about and know but wonder,
oh why does she cause me such conundrums.

Now why must you pester me, you apparition,
spectre, spirit, what is your mission,
"My lover's kiss in love's tradition,
is all I have left for the wishing."

And poor Lorelei, the lady in white,
still walks my halls each and every night,
but no longer does it cause me fright,
for I know this maiden's lonesome plight.

Amouta Stardancer

Hurt

Strangers in the same home,
is it really that?
With all the space between us,
home?
Where is that heart?
That love a kid has to have,
to stay sane,
the love for a parent,
how am I supposed to find love,
when I'm still searching,
for acceptance.
It hurts,
like something gone,
that was never quite there,
like the accident on,
an assembly line,
that was never really right.
Something's wrong,
with you and me,
it's there in the silence that we speak.
Hidden in the quiet,
screaming in my brain,
a place you can't seem to see into,
or don't try anyway.
I'm a girl who wants a mother,
but I'm too afraid to ask,
it's just not a question,
it takes more cunning and tact,
to heave your heart,
just so open,
for a knife right in the back.
So many scars remind me,
where hate's gripped my heart,
sore black marks,
of disdain,
I can't do it anymore.
It was all dark,
before I built up walls,
to keep your clouds away,

and finally I saw the moon,
then finally I saw the day,
even in the rain,
it's never black anymore,
just shades of gray.
When you want to say,
you love me,
I don't know if I'll hear you,
I hope I'm not the person,
to ignore someone sincere,
but pride has many faces,
and I fear that mine is one,
how could I ever forgive you,
for all the damage you've done?
Somewhere I want to make you cry,
I know it's bad to say,
and when I see you on your deathbed,
I know won't feel the same,
but while you are alive,
I almost wish you'd feel my pain.

Amouta Stardancer

Isolatia

In pain,
she struggled,
to her sacred place,
3 walls, a door,
a little cramped space,
just a small bathroom stall,
in the middle of the day.
Where she goes,
where she cries,
alone,
unmissed,
from her study hall.
The graffiti,
is her literature.
The toilet,
her throne,
there is her kingdom,
in that stall all alone.
Black marker,
a weaved tapestry,
over all the walls,
in that lonely end stall.
Little hearts, and flowers,
scrolling letters,
"Jane Hinkle Must Die! ! ! "
"Brody is HHHOOTTT! ! ! "
"Jeff Rizzo, Oh My! "
She knew them all,
every last word,
memorized within,
her mind.
Her blood, her sweat,
her tears,
had stained those walls,
those walls that were,
her only friends,
the door that was,
her saviour,
the latch that was,

her God,
keeping the rest of the world out.
But that day,
in pain, she struggled,
through the door,
how hurtful girls can be,
and in those walls,
behind that door,
upon her throne,
no one missing her,
she gave up.
She cut away her pain,
and left it on the walls,
that walls she'd never written on,
but loved so dearly,
striped with her crimson blood,
and that is how they found her,
and that is where she died,
and where everyone,
ceased to remember her,
but the walls,
of that end bathroom stall.

Amouta Stardancer

It's Not Pretend

Here I see you,
walking out,
tired of hearing all this "crap",
throwing out what was just said,
giving up just like that.
I see you wandering from your way,
see you dieing everyday,
tired of being what you're told,
by the people you see as old.
And when I sound like one of them,
you just sigh in discontent,
cause you're tired of the rules,
and you're thinking we're all fools.
But we love you,
no matter what,
if you see it,
or you don't,
we want to be your guiding light,
if only you'd just hear us,
we want to make you grow up right,
we want to see you happy,
we love to see you smile,
I swear it's not a lie,
and it hurts to see you struggle here,
and watch you as you cry.
I love you,
you're my friend,
they love you,
it's not pretend.
The way we worry,
night and day,
and when you fight us,
we're there anyway.
I'll be here,
if you should fall,
if you should yell,
or hate me,
because I love you,
my best friend,

that's what I plan to do.

Amouta Stardancer

Juliet

Oh Juliet,
where is your Romeo,
how long have you sat there,
with him in your eyes,
your heart in his hands,
who ever they're touching.
How long have you cried,
tell the truth Juliet,
I bet you wish you'd have died.
When you watched him,
from your window,
when you envied Rosaline,
dreamt of him,
all that time.
He called you his Jewel,
semi-precious I suppose,
but right still he was,
you were his own.
They never told you,
warned you, of love from afar,
how just when you get close,
you find out who they are.
Oh good Apothecary,
your drug was too true,
slow and painful,
as she asked of you.
And Juliet,
found in her window,
where she and Romeo met,
where she and Romeo bed,
where she left Romeo dead,
and stabbed a dagger in her chest.

Amouta Stardancer

Life-On-Line

She types her life away,
giddy as she lives in,
the click of the keyboard.
There they listen,
there they love her,
red, green, blue,
fonts on parade,
singing her praise.
LOL. LOL. LOL.
She clings to them,
all day,
checks the email,
hits the chatroom,
doesn't leave.
It's her bottle, her drug,
the life in her blood,
the delusion that keeps her moving.
And the finest,
sort of make-believe.
Here she finds,
her lovers, her poets, her lunatics,
who she'll never see,
lost in a sea of,
LOL, LOL, LOL.
Living On Laughter.
Leading On Lovers.
Living Or Losing,
Life On-Line.

Amouta Stardancer

Little Girls

Little girls, little girls,
when will you grow,
little girls, little girls,
you don't seem to know,
what is right,
what is wrong,
where you are,
where you belong.
Little girls, little girls,
you just want to be older,
though you're much too young,
to keep that on your shoulders.
You grow up too fast,
in this day and age,
trying to be adults,
and acting adult ways,
but you never mature,
you sell out to be 'cool',
and you think you're grown up,
when you're really just fools.
Dancing around,
as your bodies develop,
'look at me,
I'm all grown up',
but you're all little girls,
as you grow and fill out,
talking and talking,
but nothing about.
So you grow, and you grow,
and look like real women,
but you're still little girls,
by the lives that you're living.
You play follow the leader,
all over your life,
so you don't have to think,
about wrong and right,
lazy little girls,
who think they are women,
stay little girls,

lost little children.

Amouta Stardancer

Little Warrior

A rag-tag six,
two girls, four boys,
a motley-crew,
with hand-me-down toys.
A fierce little leader,
a girl of green eyes,
and her wild pack of children.
She fights for recognition,
for fun, and for blood,
in cut up clothes,
and covered in mud.
All those adults,
who laugh at her tries,
would burst into flame,
in her fiery eyes.
The spirit of a warrior,
raging in a child,
set to defeat her restraints,
determined to remain wild.
Destined to be great,
to be free,
someday years away,
to impatient for destiny.
An American girl,
upset with her country,
corrupt unforgiving,
as she fights to be free.
Blind with fury,
and deaf with depression,
as she's muted with childhood,
imprisoned, youth her transgression.
Her soul stuck,
in chasms of death and despair,
tired of commands,
she sits alone there.
A headstrong little child,
who just wants her justice,
to smart to be stupid,
and take her rightful bliss.

Her hatred,
is her burning core,
and her name, for now at least,
is war.

Amouta Stardancer

Lovely Poetic Lunacy

Lunatics live off clouds,
puffy white vapors,
to stick their heads in.
Lovers live off others,
pretty individuals,
they can cling to.
Poets live off ink,
begging for it to drip,
from their pens and make art.
And so few make it,
from their prisons made,
of bedsheets,
of blank paper,
of water vapor.
Always flying high.
cause if they fall,
they won't want to get up again,
don't want to live,
off what everyone else lives.
Clutching their crutches,
in the sky they look down.
It sucks to be me,
everyone says,
the poet knows it,
the lover runs from it,
the lunatic embraces it,
cold he flies into the night sky,
they'll never see him again,
he's the lucky one,
the escapee.
The poet journeys on,
always,
clinging to his pen,
praying it'll give a little blood.
The lover looks up from bed,
dumped again,
the cold emptiness of the other side,
where the sheets are still made,
fills his heart.

They all take a drink,
from their three bar stools,
reserved in the corner,
as they're regulars.
Looney chants something,
in the darkest region of the corner,
the poet scribbles hopelessly on a napkin,
and the lover recites pick up lines,
staring devotedly at miss beautiful eyes.
That's their play,
happens every day,
until Shakespeare comes out with a winner,
and Looney ends up in the bin,
and Romeo gets laid in his casket.

Amouta Stardancer

Persecuted

Here Ye! Here Ye!
we come for the burning,
throw the fagots up on a pile,
burn the witches,
the women who think they can speak,
think they can be strong,
think they can rebel,
burn them!
The men who think they can cry,
think they can cook,
think they can run from a fight,
think they can wish for peace,
burn them!
We are the devil's work,
and need to cull those we can't understand,
can't follow,
can't let ourselves see.
Men don't cry,
women don't lift weights,
so beat your sons,
and bind your daughters,
creation isn't for the womb,
fear isn't for the strong,
nor mercy.
So rape your women,
condemn the men that stay behind.
Pull up the shadows,
make fires in the night,
find where they are,
and stack the faggots high.
Cry their names,
murder their children,
their love,
their dreams,
leave it all to ashes,
crush it all to dust,
because power belongs to man,
because weakness is all that's left for women,
because humans don't coexist,

because the queer burn,
because ashes are what we make of love.

Amouta Stardancer

Pest

Blasted beast within my wall,
It nimbles, mutters, and it crawls,
About at night,
And mid day,
It seems only quiet,
When I am away.
It's scritchng, and scratching,
Keeps me up to all hours,
And it's unkind supprises,
Present their own sours.
Damned pest,
I'd like thee best,
In fields fleeing my swift boot,
And despite this yet,
You trace out a bed,
In the ceiling just over my own.
And still do you follow me?
Straight into my pantry,
Where your evidence is quite clearly shown.
A trace of your here,
A turd of yours there,
And my cereal boxes bitten through.
The poisons untouched,
Those your mercy leaves for me,
And what a temptation
You make them.
But tis my own house,
And I'll be damned,
To be put out,
By a wretch,
Small and stinking as a mouse.

Amouta Stardancer

Pms

Spilt coffee on my t-shirt,
Had to change,
Though the new one,
Didn't help the burn.
My hair rebelled to day,
After lulling me into false security,
It stuck up for it's right,
To behave hideously.
I found a blood stain in my underpants,
Entirely unexpected,
And I was Devoid of supplies,
to deal with the menstrational objection.
"At least, " I said, "I'm not pregnant."
Stayed up half the night,
Working on something,
I promptly forgot,
To bring in.
Going home I almost died,
And when I got there,
I cried,
And I just couldn't manage to move.
I could say,
"It's just another day."
And something along that line,
That even the worst pass us by,
But in the moment I write,
I don't think you can quite,
Comprehend,
The hell it has been.
So I'll simply suffice,
That it's been the worst day of my life,
And the worst of it won't set for a while.
But I'm just a spinster,
With no one to miss her,
So move on with not a whisper of air,
In instant addressance,
Of the malice and menace,
Of the great deal of this day's affairs.
They're of no importance,

Just of misery, it's endurance,
And a lonely heart,
You'll never know.

Amouta Stardancer

Presents Of Deception

I laid the cross,
down long ago,
but the words ran,
when I tried,
to let them know.
I passed over,
the Catholic way,
and dropped,
the ancestral cross,
when it was put to me.
I am done,
but yet,
confirmed, and renewed,
through empty ceremony,
into this faith,
I do not believe.
Empty 'I do's,
spoken among,
the crowd of other,
red-robed figures.
'Congratulations',
'Welcome! ',
they didn't know,
the charade,
and the words,
I so wanted to say,
instead of 'yes' and 'I do' that day.
The unsaid,
hung over the gifts,
family brought.
My Great Grandmother's cross,
old and golden,
was placed over,
my head and done up hair,
and I had to wonder,
was this what was supposed to be there?
Doves and crosses,
laid over the gifts,
useless to me,

if only they knew,
what symbols there should be.
On the christian trinkets,
I knew must have,
cost them so much,
guilt hung like a shadow.
All would likely,
find a black box,
in the back of an attic,
somewhere labelled,
'christianity'.
But it would,
so hurt my family to hear it,
that I left Jesus,
for Athena,
and my path had,
so far strayed.
Better they prayed,
and blessed,
and gave,
than have them suffer,
worries over me.
But still,
in the black box,
in the back of,
an old witch's attic,
a peculiar thing,
to find...
A cross,
old and golden,
set aside.
Perhaps for a descendant,
to pick up,
for a christian life,
until then locked away,
in the dark guilt of a convert's shadow.

Amouta Stardancer

Rat Trap

See them stuck,
wondering in a maze,
careless, mindless,
passing the days,
acing the tests,
the homework, the trials,
all taken in stride and in ease.
They don't really care,
as long as there's cheese.
Generation X uninspired, jaded,
unhappy labrats,
how many books,
can we fit in their packs?
How many tests, quizzes, exams,
can they handle before they breakdown?
How many notes, how many papers,
how many grades before they drown,
in their own boredom?
How long will the labrats,
settle for cheese?
Before they long for more than that?
And what will we do,
when the rat breaks the trap,
and the cheese gets all moldy,
and covered in crap,
because they don't want,
you're "A"s and your "B"s,
your rat trap report cards,
they just want to be freed.
So you free them,
and they don't know what to do,
because no one feeds them,
anything but mistruths,
So they sell themselves short,
back to the cage,
where they dope themselves up,
just to forget in the smoke and the haze,
who they are,
what they want,

addicted, controlled,
doped up on pot,
the scientists note it,
and give them some more,
the rats they just take it,
and die on the floor,
O.D.,
the destination,
for the,
rat trap generation.

Amouta Stardancer

Red Roses

Rose Petals rain down,
angel blood falls far,
rose petals rain down,
and soak the world with war.
Rose petals rain down,
roses from my love,
rose petals rain down,
roses from above.
Rose petals rain down,
I feel them on my face,
rose petals rain down,
falling into place.
My path is clear,
on the rose petals fallen,
I draw ever near,
toward the one who is calling.

Amouta Stardancer

She's Never Been In Love

She's never been in love,
this bored and jaded girl,
never been held to touch,
no one cares for her brunette curls.
Stubbornly she's refused to dress,
in slim and skanky fashion,
and no one is impressed,
with her brilliance and her passion.
So she's never been in love,
and so beautiful she'd be,
for someone inclined to look,
love would be so easy,
but she's never been in love,
a statue in eden,
unseen, untouched,
her dreams and desires,
out her beatless heart are bleeding.

Amouta Stardancer

Sledhead

Sledhead!

Runnin a motor,
Yeah until you're dead,
Zero to sixty,
Just beginnen,
Sick snow junkie,
Cravin rpm.

~

Flat trail,
Fresh snow,
Smell that sweet unknown,
Feel that twitchin thumb,
Calling for a throttle,
Squeeze it till you're numb.

~

Yeah, Sledhead,
Run on that motor,
oh until you're dead,
zero to sixty,
just beginnen,
Sick snow junkie,
Cravin rpm.

~

Straight away,
What a demon for speed,
Devil would need a new machine,
To keep with you,
No cages, nothing but free,
Nothing holdin back,
Everything you can be.

~

Oh Sledhead,
Faster, faster,
Yeah until you're dead,
Zero to sixty,
Not enough kid,
Sick snow junkie,
Yeah you're addicted.

Amouta Stardancer

Sweet Insanity

The moonlight on my skin,
excites my soul,
and sends my senses,
into fiery emotion.
Delight at the,
cool cold light,
of the midnight moon,
my bones quake in memory,
in dream, in hallucination,
which I'd never know.
The hair over my body,
is less ugly now,
than in the sun,
even though it sticks out,
even more in these sleepless dreams.
I can feel it growing over me,
covering my coldness,
like fire over my body,
is that a dream?
Have I again lost their reality?
Would I even take theirs,
over this hallucination?
Take their pills over... what?
My happy coping mechanisms.
When I'm free,
in the moonlight,
under the trees,
I am more alive than,
in their world,
in their padded cells,
and their cramped cubicles.
Here and now I choose my insanity,
over the caged madness of humanity.

Amouta Stardancer

Tango Midnight

It's like a tango at midnight,
this love life of mine,
I can't see the steps,
but somehow I find them.
And I dip,
and I twirl,
and it rocks,
my whole world,
and I'm left not knowing,
what to say,
and he leaves,
like always, walks away.
The "he" changes,
from Dylan, to Tyler,
then Mike,
and they bring their flowers,
from lilies, to daisies,
then roses.
But they've all been danced on,
by the end of the night.
The days never last,
and they're too lonely to pass,
then yet again,
it's time to tango midnight,
and we dip,
and we twirl,
and it rocks my whole world,
and I'm left again with a fight.
And I think I'm all wrong,
because each dance,
and each song,
end in that same smoking way,
until a new love blows it away.
I dance and I dance,
because I can't beat this trance,
my love grows fast,
and dies faster.
I've heard so many lies,
been broken so many times,

and I feel that I'll never be worth much,
because at the end of the night,
I never end up, up on my luck.

Amouta Stardancer

The Line

The line was a solemn sight,
long and deadly,
the wooden poles stood,
waiting.
Some of them cried,
some of them were proud,
some of them unmoved,
none protested their innocence,
the time for that was done,
and no one would believe them.
All women,
all afraid beyond belief,
frightened of the flames,
frightened of the faces before them,
frightened of the doom over their heads,
and the death that was their only surety.
The ashes were their epitaph,
because no Christian would put there name to stone.
The flames were their judgement,
and they were swallowed whole,
in all the forest of the stakes,
the only innocence was tied to them,
and banished from the earth,
by fire and smoke.

Amouta Stardancer

The Little Backroom

Wishes long forgotten,
memories of pain,
hopes and dreams,
slashed and slain.
Pains of broken hearts,
like glass,
shattered on the floor,
tears long dry, weep again.
Even happiness,
faded yellow pictures,
of smiles long ago,
dancing, well-dressed figures,
held still in time.
Moments I'll,
never see again,
locked away,
like long lost friends,
in the little backroom of my mind.
Secrets told,
promises broken,
all are laid and set,
as token,
to the demons of my past.
Nostalgian corners,
full of old phrases, old friends,
music, movies,
and outdated trends.
Whispers of ones,
I've not seen in years,
mangled memories,
toils, pains, and fears.
Walls of innocence,
stained in blood,
what the years washed away,
return in a flood.
In that little backroom,
stuck in the past,
home of those moments dead

Amouta Stardancer

The Twilight

Be still, sweet child Twilight,
who so fears the night,
and yet, the day abhors.
As Sun the king,
of cloudless realms,
o'er his horizon glours.
Solid center of time,
changing morphing,
non-night,
heart beat of the universe.
Dark and light,
so double-faced,
that one would mouth hypocrisy,
but 'tis not thee,
not thee, Twilight.
Born of two conflicting worlds,
clashing stubborn titans,
you the quiet moments,
nigh hidden in between,
most like us, we humans,
small in our youth,
lost, innocent,
and ambivalent Eve.

Amouta Stardancer

The Watcher

She sits there waiting,
on the forest edge.
She sits there dreaming,
of what's to come, and when.

Lying in wait,
as the livers walk by,
she is not of them,
not yet, any way.

Her heart in her hands,
silent and crimson.
Her eyes search,
over the world, unsatisfied.

Ravens alight the branches,
beside her,
cawing occupies her time,
but their distractions are welcome.

A wolf among men,
she just sits where she can,
waiting for something,
to make her heart beat.

Amouta Stardancer

Thrown Roses

I'd never love a rose,
roses can't kiss back,
what a thing to love,
that leaves up such slack?
No I'd never give a rose my heart,
red as it may might be,
a rose will wilt and die in days,
and leave a heart similarly.
Petals fall as blood does drip,
bleeding over wounds of scorn,
inflicted all unknowingly,
by thoughtless, careless thorns.
But do not be aggrieved, my love,
that I dash your roses back to land,
for when you're near enough to touch,
I've better uses for my hands.

Amouta Stardancer

Tired

Just a sane little girl,
running from an insane world,
won't go back to earth again,
too tired to play pretend.
Doesn't want to be cool,
like every other fool.
Will she ever find a home,
or is she doomed to roam?
Can't live with all those freaks,
calling her the geek.
Just wants to find a place,
with her own race,
where her heart can shout out loud,
and her head doesn't have to live in the clouds.
Just another rolling ball,
doomed to fall,
and never get up again,
if only she'd learned to play pretend

Amouta Stardancer

Valentines

I want chocolates,
on Valentines day,
like all the other girls,
smiling and laughing,
with their treats and cards,
I don't want to be like them,
and sweets aren't that important,
flowers smell good, but they wither away,
and cards come pre-written, hallmark is so generic,
yes, I want chocolates,
on Valentine's day,
stouffer's, hershey's,
take your pick,
I don't mind,
I'll settle for a chocolate kiss,
just promise not to miss.
I want Valentines to be everyday,
when I'm with you,
give me chocolates for September,
for march, for june, for November,
just promise to remember,
to show me why they smile,
those girls I don't care to be,
just say you'll be my Valentine,
even though it sounds so corny.

Amouta Stardancer

You And Me

It's running in circles,
the games we play,
cry up a river,
and wash me away.
Complain in my ear,
about what you do,
about what I lack,
and how life's so cruel.
You want to live in pain,
so hate,
hate yourself,
hate me,
your husband,
and other children,
we won't love you back.
And for so long I hated you too,
lost and alone,
cried myself to bed over,
our arguments,
what's a child who's mother hates her?
But I'm done,
hating myself,
hating you,
and the world.
I have dreams,
that aren't nightmares,
I have friends,
and beliefs,
I've run out on your hate cycle,
and I'll never let it catch up with me.
Because with you,
everyday was like a prison,
and I'm sick of being lived on,
so make your own shadow to sleep in.
I'm done,
I'm gone,
and I've never loved life more,
awake and alive,
I know what to live for,

because you're not crying to me,
not leaning on me,
you're not my responsibility,
and I'm finally free.

Amouta Stardancer